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THE STORY TELLER.

From the Philadelphia Newspaper.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

**THE DAY BEFORE THE BATTLE
OF MONMOUTH.**

BY "BEASIE."

"Truth arranged in fiction's fascinating gauze."

It was one of the dark times of our national struggles, and sadness was in the hearts and a cloud upon the brow of those who loved their country's cause. The long, sad winter passed at Valley Forge was over, but no brilliant successes had marked the opening of the Spring to obliterate the remembrance of the privations endured and to renew the hopes awakened by the surrender of Burgoyne. The American army, numbering less than half that of the British, was almost in a state of inactivity; no new recruits were flocking to the standard of Washington, and, although Congress had resolved to raise fresh troops to the number of forty thousand, no steps had been taken to carry the resolution into effect. Such was the aspect of affairs in the early part of the summer of 1778.

On a bright, sunny day in the month of June, there sat, in a neat farm house not far from the village of Crosswicks, (N. J.) a matron, still in the prime of life, with two little girls beside her. It was a sweet, romantic spot, upon the borders of a tiny stream which flows into the creeks from which the village is named, shaded by trees, now in the full beauty of their summer foliage, while all around the house was marked by that scrupulous neatness which distinguishes the followers of Fox and Penn. Yet, though the fashion of the lady's dress, and her somewhat precise air and manner, showed her to be one of that peace-loving and war-condemning people, there was a sparkle in her eye when she raised it that seemed to tell the spirit of '76—a spirit shared, indeed, by very many members of the respectable body of Quakers, and exhibited openly by not a few who felt the strength of their aims to the good cause, even at the risk of "disobliging Friends." This was especially the case with the family, a small portion of which we have introduced to you—the husband of the matron, with four sons, of ages ranging from 18 to 25, having joined the army under Washington at an early period of the struggle, leaving his farm and homestead under the charge of his young wife, the step-mother of his boys. And well and courageously did she perform the arduous duties devolving upon her—remaining alone with her little girls, her only children, unprotected, except by the presence of an old and faithful domestic, who, with her aid and direction, attended to the various departments of the farm work. At intervals their solitude was cheered by a visit from her husband or one of the boys, when they could leave the camp for a day or two, to assure themselves of the safety of the loved ones at home. But now a longer time than usually passed without a visit had elapsed, and the naturally placid brow of the lady wore a look of anxiety very different from the calm, cheerful expression which, for her children's sake, she forced herself to assume, even when her heart was sad. In addition to the uneasiness she felt in regard to her husband, she had other causes of alarm, having heard it rumored within the last few days that the British army, under General Howe, had evacuated Philadelphia, and were marching through New Jersey, on their road to New York, and remembering well the outrages committed by them and their German allies, when following Washington, during the calamitous retreat through that State, not two years before, no wonder that she trembled for herself and her children. Into so deep a reverie had she fallen that her knitting had dropped unobserved from her usually busy fingers, and she started when addressed by her little daughter as though just awaking from a heavy sleep.

"Mother," said the little girl, a pretty, dark-haired child, of seven years, "isn't it a long time since father was at home?"

"Yes, my dear," replied her mother, sighing at the question which accorded so well with her own thoughts at the moment, but not wishing to alarm the child, she added, "thee knows he cannot always leave the camp when he would like to."

"He never staid away so long before," said the child, thoughtfully; "I wish he would come home to-day."

"Has thee any particular reason for wishing him to come home to-day, Annie?" asked her mother.

"Why, mother, they say the red-coats are coming this way again, and I think if father knew it, he would come home and take care of us."

"Our Father in Heaven will take care of us, my child," replied the mother, though a deeper shade of sorrow crossed her countenance, for she had hoped that her children knew nothing either of the reports or her anxiety. After an instant's pause, she added, more cheerfully, "who told thee the red-coats were coming here, Annie?"

"I heard neighbor Lloyd tell thee so mother! 'And is thee afraid of them?' asked her mother, with a pleasant smile intended both to reassure her child and conceal her own intense anxiety."

"I thought thee looked frightened, mother," began the little girl half reluctantly; but before she could say more, she was interrupted by her little sister, who had been sitting beside them, apparently engrossed in her play, and without taking any part in the conversation, but who now, appearing to thing it high time to interfere, exclaimed while her bright blue eyes fairly flashed with indignation—

"Isn't thee ashamed of thyself, Annie? I guess mother ain't afraid—is thee mother?"

"Thee does not seem much afraid, Elsie," replied her mother, smiling.

"Afraid of them red coats? No, Indeed! If I had a bay'nt I'd chase 'em off into the creek," cried Elsie; "I just wish they'd come here."

"I cannot join thee in that wish, Elsie," replied the mother; "but I hope if they do come—"

"They have come!" exclaimed a man, suddenly entering the room, with an air of haste and excitement very unusual for the staid and sedate Enoch, the domestic before spoken of, the only male member of the little household. Mother and children started to their feet in alarm, caused as much by Enoch's manner as by the tidings he brought.

"Thee seems in haste, Enoch," said the lady, straining to regain her composure. "Who have come?"

"Why, the red-coats, to be sure; they will be here in an hour, 20,000 strong. I saw the man that brought the news, and hurried down to tell thee. Here he comes now!" continued the man, as a horseman galloped down the road, and, pausing an instant at the gate of the lane leading to the house, shouted, in a voice that thrilled to the very heart of the listeners, "The British are coming! The British are coming!" then spurred madly onward again, carrying the alarm as he went. The children clung terrified to their mother, and even the stout-hearted matron grew pale as she listened to that cry and felt the tremulous grasp of the helpless ones who looked to her for protection.

"What would thee advise me to do, Enoch?" she exclaimed: "Oh! what shall we do?"

"Thee cannot stay here while these red-coats pass by; it were better for thee to go with the children to neighbor Lloyd's."

"And leave thee here alone, my faithful Enoch, thou would never do!"

"Stay here?" interrupted the man impatiently. "I am staying here now only that I may not leave thee in danger alone. 'Come,' he added, earnestly, "prepare thyself quickly, that I may go with thee at once to friend Lloyd's. Every man in the village will be off before me."

"Enoch—Enoch, what does thee mean? Iquired his mistress in greater alarm than before. "Surely thee will not leave us?"

"I mean, friend Warner," returned the man, in an hour every man in Crosswicks who can shoulder a musket will be ready to oppose the red-coats."

"What folly—what madness! What can the few men who remain here do against 20,000 soldiers? They will but throw away their lives to no purpose; and thee, Enoch, where is thy prudence?"

"Urge me not, friend Warner," replied the man, solemnly; "surely have I been exercised in spirit for many months, because of my remaining here in slothfulness, instead of bearing testimony against the oppressors of our land; but I saw not how I could leave thee and the little ones after you were committed to my care. But now my way is clear before me; therefore, haste, that I may see thee in safety ere I go forth unto the battle."

But the matron's first terror had passed, and her native courage shone forth again, as she answered, calmly—

"Nay, Enoch, we will not leave our home; and the children will abide here and await the coming of the foe. It may be he will be led by another path, and, if not the God in whom we trust can protect us here as well as elsewhere,—But I will fain persuade thee, Enoch, also to tarry; 't is folly to hope to stay the progress of the British troops. What are all the inhabitants of Crosswicks aginst so many? Tarry now, and when this danger is overpast, should the spirit move thee to follow thy master to the camp, will not say then nay."

"I may not tarry now, friend Warner. Hark! there is the horn—the men are gathering, and I too, must go; yet it giveth me to leave thee without a protector. If one of the boys were with thee—"

"Well, Enoch, which of the boys would thee like to have? Will I answer the purpose?" interrupted the cheerful, manly voice of a youth, who had entered unobserved from the garden behind the house, in the uniform of an American soldier.

The children sprang towards him with a gladness, while Mrs. Warner, forgetting all other fears in the thought which instantly flashed upon her mind of his danger, should the enemy approach, exclaimed, clasping her hands—

"Samuel, my son, what brings thee here at this fearful moment?"

"To take care of thee, mother," replied the young man, smiling, as he raised himself, after bending to receive the embraces of his little sister. "But what is the matter? You all look as if the Hessians were upon you."

"And as they will be, Samuel Warner," said old Enoch, "in less than an hour's time."

"Fly, Samuel, fly," exclaimed the agitated mother—"if they find thee here, they will take thy

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life. Oh! fly, my son—every moment makes thy danger greater!"

"Fly from the rascally Hessians, mother?" said the young man, proudly. "No, no—that is not part of my profession. Besides, continued he, more gently, "I came, as I have said, to take care of thee and the children while those ruffians pass. But I did not think to find them near."

"But thy dress, Samuel—thy dress; they will not suffer an American soldier to escape them."

"They must not see my uniform. I will change it at once, and then—"

Even while he spoke a blast of martial music, borne faintly on the breeze, announced the approach of the foe.

"Ha! I have no time to lose," exclaimed the youth, and, throwing off his uniform, he arrayed himself hastily in the homespun garments which his mother brought. "I left my arms and ammunition, except these pistols, with the other boys," he said, as he rapidly transformed himself in outward appearance from the soldier to the Quaker farmer, "and well I did, for would be impossible to conceal them now, if I had them with me. I had hoped to reach here, early this morning, but was delayed, and now these plaguey Hessians coming so close upon my heels have spoiled everything. What in the world will I do with my uniform, mother?" he continued; "these miscreants will ransack the house no doubt, and should they find it, will make it an excuse for all kinds of mischief."

"Can we hide it in the barn or in the garden?" asked the eldest of the little girls.

"We might, Annie," replied her brother, "had we anything to do with them; but I do not expect they will be surprised, therefore, if you should see me making friends with these fellows, if they quarter themselves here. I must try to gain all the knowledge I can, and then, before the dawn of day, while they are sleeping, I will be off to convey to Washington an account of their movements, and I am much mistaken if we do not give them a salute they little expect. Yes," he continued, glowing with the idea of victory, "they think him still benumbed at Valley Forge, or perhaps just creeping into the comfortable quarters in Philadelphia, which it has pleased them to vacate; but we will teach them another lesson before to-morrow's sun goes down. Who knows but Lord Howe himself may be our prisoner, as Burgoyne has been before him! Nay, do not look pale again, mother," for the color forsook her cheek as she listened to his proud and hopeful words, and she shuddered at the thought which forced itself upon her, that before the setting of to-morrow's sun he might himself be a captive or corpse; "thee must not think of fear. I feel a presentiment of victory, certain and glorious."

"God grant that thy hopes may be realized, my son; but, see, are not those the bayonets glancing among the corn?"

"Even so," replied Enoch; "they are treading down the corn and destroying the patient labor of many months. I would each blade was a sword to smite them."

"Restrain thyself, Enoch," said Mrs. Warner, calmly: "the expression of thy indignation can avail nothing now but to bring down vengeance on thy head. But they draw near, and they must not find us, as it were, in council. Enoch and Samuel, it were better for you to go out and appear as though occupied, as usual. Fear not, my children," she continued, as they hung round her in alarm, "they will not harm us. Come, we will go to the door and see them pass. Stand here, Elsie," and she lifted the little girl and placed her on one of the broad seats of the old porch, "and thee, Annie, close beside thy sister. Now be quiet, and do not fear. I will be near you, and your brother and Enoch are not far distant!"

As she spoke, the foremost ranks of the foemen were within a stone's cast of the gate, and the matron, restored to her natural courage by the necessity of meeting the danger, took her place just within the open door, with an calm and lofty bearing as though she had never known fear.

At the same moment, Enoch and Samuel approached the front of the house, from different parts of the garden, the one with a hoe upon his shoulder and the other spade in hand, and sleeves rolled up, as though but just disturbed from the labor of the farm. All were striving to banish any thought like the appearance of oppression from their countenances, which "country folks" might suppose to feel at this invasion of their quiet domain.

As the British reached the gate, there was a pause; the word was given to halt, and after a moment's survey of the scene, and a short consultation between themselves, one of the officers riding at the head of the division called, in no very courteous tones, to Samuel, who stood nearest him, ordering him to open the gate. The young man's spirit rose, but deeming it unwise to excite their anger by refusing, he advanced and complied civilly with the demand. Giving orders that the soldiers should await their return, the officers rode through the open gate, along the lane, and across the green and beautiful field adjoining the house. It was a lovely spot, sloping gently towards the little brook which flows silently onwards to the creek in which, not far beyond, is merged; and as the rays of the now descending sun with rapid strides, he reached the village green, but no company had gathered there, and in the distance he saw the bayonets gleaming and the red-coats gleaming in the summer sun-light.—The old man shook his head sadly as he gazed "Friend Warner was right," he said; "twould be of little use to oppose them here. I will even return and watch over the children until the foe shall have passed, and when the youth, Samuel, shall go forth into the camp I will accompany him, and bear testimony against the oppressors, even unto death."

Sorrowfully, yet quickly, he retraced his steps, and in a few moments re-entered the cottage by one door, as Samuel springing gaily into the room at the other, announced the entire destruction of his uniform.

"There is not a thread of it left, mother," he said; "it is really astonishing to see how entirely and quickly it has consumed. That was a good suggestion of thine, Elsie."

"The Lord be praised!" said the matron, fervently, "one great danger is removed. And see Enoch, too, has returned."

"Did thee see the Hessians, Enoch?" asked the children.

"Yes, at a distance; they have not reached the village yet, but there is no one to oppose their way. The men, when gathered in council, have thought like thee, friend Warner, that it would

be useless to attack them now, and have all dispersed."

"I rejoice at it, Enoch; but, Samuel, how long are these fearful times to continue? What is Washington—what are the army doing to free our land from these invaders?"

"We have been able to do but little this year, mother; but whoever lives to see to-morrow night will hear of a blow struck by our General which will lay some of our proud enemies in the dust. Our army," he continued, lowering his tone, and glancing cautiously around to assure himself that none were in hearing but themselves—"our army is even now on the march to overtake the British. I left it a few miles above, and hurried down here with the double purpose of being with you while they pass, and obtaining some more direct information in regard to the route they will take and the order they observe. You must not be surprised, therefore, if you should see me making friends with these fellows, if they quarter themselves here. I must try to gain all the knowledge I can, and then, before the dawn of day, while they are sleeping, I will be off to convey to Washington an account of their movements, and I am much mistaken if we do not give them a salute they little expect. Yes," he continued, glowing with the idea of victory, "they think him still benumbed at Valley Forge, or perhaps just creeping into the comfortable quarters in Philadelphia, which it has pleased them to vacate; but we will teach them another lesson before to-morrow's sun goes down. Who knows but Lord Howe himself may be our prisoner, as Burgoyne has been before him! Nay, do not look pale again, mother," for the color forsook her cheek as she listened to his proud and hopeful words, and she shuddered at the thought which forced itself upon her, that before the setting of to-morrow's sun he might himself be a captive or corpse; "thee must not think of fear. I feel a presentiment of victory, certain and glorious."

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ply, and he added, fiercely, 'Where is he, I ask you? D——n you, can't you answer? Did my soul he's in the rebel camp?'

The matron's cheek flushed with indignation and her eyes flashed as she replied—'My husband and sons are in Washington's army if that is what you term the rebel camp, and if I had as many more, they should all be there too.'

'They should! ha! dare you tell me so?—confound the rebels! The women are as bad as the men. Now, mistress, if I had my will of you, I'd—'. But before he had time to utter his threat, it was cut short by the entrance of the officer whom Samuel had called Col. Tarleton, who, in tones of command, ordered him out of the house, threatening him with arrest, if he were guilty of such conduct again.

Then turning to Mrs. Warner, he added courteously, 'I hope, madam, you have not been subjected to much of such treatment, but to prevent a recurrence of anything of the kind, I will, if you wish it, place a guard at your door, with authority to prevent the entrance of any one who would be guilty of rudeness.'

'We expect little but rudeness from your army, friend, but if myself and my children can be saved from further insult, we shall be grateful.'

'It shall be done then, Johnson,' addressing a man who stood near the door, 'clear the house of these fellows, and then go to the camp and tell Corporal Neil to send me a trustworthy man immediately.' Tarleton's entrance had been the signal of dismissal for the men in the room where he was, and his voice soon recalled the marauders from all parts of the house. He reprimanded them sharply as they hurried through the apartment, and then addressing Mrs. Warner, he asked, 'Where are your daughters?—where is the little rebel who refused to take Captain Duncan's cloak?' The other opened an inner door and called, in a moment both little girls came running into the room, but started back at the sight of the red-coat officer. 'Ah! young rebel! you are afraid of me now, are you?' he exclaimed good-humoredly. Not relishing the imputation on her courage, Elsie came forward, though slowly, and allowed him to take her on his knee, where he held her, laughing and talking with her, and appearing more than a little amused by her fearless freedom of speech, until the arrival of the man for whom he had sent, and whom he had stationed at the door of the dwelling, giving him orders to allow no one entrance without the permission of the mistress of the house. Then rising to his feet, 'Come, little rebel,' he said, 'come down with me to the camp, and see how British soldiers live. If you will trust your children with me a while, madam, he continued, 'I will show them what they have probably never seen, and may not soon have the opportunity to see again.'

'I hope they never may have the opportunity again,' replied the mother, 'but if they choose to go with thee, they may do so.' Tarleton's lip curled at the plain speech of the Yankee matron, but he had taken a fancy to the high-spirited little Elsie, and without a reply, he raised her tiny form in his arms, and taking her more timid sister by the hand, set out to make the tour of the camp. In about an hour they returned, delighted with their visit, and with the wonders they had seen. Such tales, too, as they had to tell—the silver-plates and cut-glass which they had seen—the splendid dresses of the officers, their epaulets and glittering swords. 'And mother,' said Annie, 'they tried to make us both drink wine and say God save the king.' 'Yes,' interrupted the eager Elsie, 'and one of them red-coats took his sword, and said he'd cut my head off if I did not.' 'And what did you do then, my children?' 'Oh! Annie cried, but I just told him if he hurt me, my father would tell Washington, and he would cut the king's head off; and then they all laughed, and Col. Tarleton said we were brave girls and he would not let them hurt us.'

'You were right, my dears,' said the mother, smiling involuntarily at the idea of making the king's head answer for that of her little daughter, 'quite right not to drink wine, but thee talks almost too much, Elsie. Now come and help me spread the table for supper, and then call Samuel and Enoch.' They were not far off, and soon joined the mother and children in the little inner room, and sat down to their wholesome and pleasant repast of milk, home made bread, butter, and some whortleberries gathered that morning before the alarm was given, and which by some fortunate chance, had escaped the notice of the Hessians. At Samuel's suggestion, the sentinel at the door was invited to share their repast, and during its progress, the young man, under an appearance of the greatest simplicity, managed to win from him all the little knowledge he possessed of their intended route, and the hours and order of their march.

At the conclusion of their meals, when they were again alone, Samuel exclaimed, snapping his fingers exultingly, 'there, mother, that will do pretty well, and with what I have learned before, will make a fair account to give to Washington. General Clinton leaves them to-morrow morning, and with a large body of men take another road to Staten Island. Glorious! they will know more to-morrow by this time than they do now! Has thee pistols safe? I shall need them perhaps on my way to the army. When does the moon rise to-night? Not until late?—Well! as soon as she is up to light me, I must leave you. And now, with thee clears the table, mother, I will go and help Enoch see that everything is right in the barn.'

When the young man returned, it was quite dark, but his mother was moving about making up a bed in the best room, which communicated with the sitting room on one side, and on the other looked out upon the hill on which the soldiers were encamped.

'Why, mother, what now? he said, 'thee is not taking all this trouble on my account I hope?'

'No,' she replied, with an expression of greater vexation than he had ever before seen her exhibit; 'but I have just received orders to prepare the best bed for a man they call Lord Howe, as he will sleep here to-night.'

'The mischief!' exclaimed Samuel, startled out of his wonted propriety of speech, 'nay'

mother, I did not mean to say that,' he added, as he saw the reproving expression of her countenance, 'but this will render it very difficult for me to get away, as guards will of course be stationed round their precious Commander.'

'I thought of this too, my son; but we must hope for the best, and meantime go and lie down upon my bed, that thee may sleep and be refreshed for the journey, and the toils and dangers of to-morrow. I shall not sleep to night, and I will call thee when the moon rises.'

'Well, mother, I believe I will take thy advice, but what of Enoch? He seems determined to go with me, yet I do not like to have thee left alone with the children.'

'I do not fear to be left alone with them but now go and sleep.'

The young man obeyed her directions, and throwing himself upon the bed beside which his little sisters were already quietly reposing, was soon locked in the deep slumbers of youth. For several hours he slept soundly, and when wakened by the gentle touch and voice of his mother, scarcely realized where he was or for what purpose he had been roused. Becoming conscious, however, of some great noise and confusion near him, he started up with 'tis it morning, mother? What is the matter?'

'It is one o'clock, my son, and, I think a favorable moment for thy departure,' she whispered; 'he whom they call Lord Howe, was brought in a little more than an hour ago, in a state of intoxication, undressed by his attendants and put to bed. There is now some great confusion in his room and outside of it, occasioned probably by some drunken frolic. I know not what it is but the guards seem to be withdrawn, and perhaps in the confusion thee may depart unnoticed.'

'Thee is right,' he said, as he caught her hurried explanation, 'I will try it at once; my pistols—'

'There they are, and a small package of provisions, which may refresh thee on thy road; and now, my son, go, and the Most High be with thee.'

Hastily concealing his pistols about his person, the youth bent down and kissed his sleeping sisters, then cautiously descended the stairs, preceded by his mother.

The noise in the General's apartment still continued, and Enoch, who was waiting in the adjoining room, said 'that the man they called Lord Howe was ill, he believed, no doubt from the effects of his excess.' But he had no time to think of him: the door on the other side of the house was softly opened, and with a calm and kindly farewell, they parted, the men to steal noiselessly and rapidly across the orchard, and the matron to return to her chamber, and feel, as she gazed after their retreating forms, and listened to the noise of the foemen below, the full oppression of her loneliness, and the weight of her anxiety for them, and her other dear ones. But she was not allowed to indulge in her sad reflections for many moments, before she was summoned to the room below, to supply buckets and cloths, and all things necessary to remove the mud from the august person of the British general. He, it seemed, had had an attack of the nightmare, caused by the remorse of the evening, and, probably imagining that the Yankees were upon him, had started from his bed, and rushing through the door which was open on account of the heat, dashed down the hill, and before the astonished sentinel could decide whether he had seen a ghost or not, his noble commander was floundering knee-deep among the mud and mallows of the little creek. The plunge awaked him, and his loud outcries brought officers and soldiers rushing from their tents, in the full expectation of finding themselves attacked by the rebel army. The shouts and curses, the confusion of the rushing here and there of half-dressed and half-asleep men formed a scene at once alarming and ridiculous. But the cause being at length discovered, the discomfited general was borne back to his own quarters, and while, with Mrs. Warner's aid he was cleaned, and stupefied as he still was, placed again in the clean, comfortable bed which he had occupied, order was restored in the camp, and silence reigned unbroken till the reveille aroused the slumbering hosts. The matron sought her chamber again, to muse over the events of the day, and to look forward with mingled hope and fear, to the morrow. What that morrow produced, we all well know. The battle of Monmouth, or of Freehold Courthouse, as it is sometimes called, though not so decided a victory as some who our brave fore-fathers gained, was not without its effect upon the spirits of the American people. It proved, both to them and their hasty foes, that Washington's vigilance was untiring, and that he had not only the will but the ability to cope successfully with the far more numerous and better equipped British army.

The information obtained by Samuel Warner was of great use in determining the time and manner of the attack, and contributed considerably to the success of the engagement. He fought bravely in the thickest of the battle, and on the next day received a commission from his general, which he retained honorably until the close of the war. Poor old Enoch fell, 'bearing his testimony,' as he had prophetically said, even unto the death. It was his first and last battle.

Mrs. Warner, in the overthrow of the oppressors of her country, and the return of her husband to his quiet home, saw her warmest wishes realized. The little girls, the heroines of this simple sketch, lived to see their country take her place among the nations of the earth, and peace and prosperity replace the perils and sorrows of their early years. But the spirit has slumbered for twenty-five years in South America awoke, how mischievous will it be! At present the peace-loving English are doing their best to pacify it, and deprive the 'Tiger Rose' of his victims. The independence of Texas, the half dozen revolutions of Mexico, the campaign in Florida, and the Patriot outbreak in Canada, are not worth mentioning, being only achievements of the 'spirit' while oppressed with the nightmare.

[Boston Post.]

Our friends of the MAINE FARMER are rejoicing over a new power press, which we believe is one of the finest specimens of machinery extant costing \$1,500. With splendid press, new type, large and increasing subscriptions, and racy editing, the Farmer ought to go ahead and prosper. So mote it be. [Age.]

When you find a man doing more business than you are, and you are puzzled to know the reason, just look at the advertisements he has in the newspapers, and look out.

THE OREGON NOTICE.

Both Houses of Congress have at length united upon the question of notice. After four long months deliberation, debate and legislative contest, they have finally succeeded in agreeing upon a form of notice to Great Britain relative to the abrogation of the existing convention between the two countries concerning the occupancy of the Oregon territory a notice, however, so loaded with neutralizing verbiage, so cramped by qualification, and so marked in its legislative progress by hesitation, delay, and uncertainty of issue, as now to divest it of much of the moral force and influence which it otherwise would have exerted in favor of speedy, peaceful and honorable settlement of the controversy.

The notice, as passed, is, perhaps better than no notice at all; yet, it is but too apparent, that the attitude of this country, in the controversy, has been materially weakened during the pendency of the subject before Congress—weakened by the exhibition of distracted counsels—by the absence of an unanimity in the assertion, and an unwilling determination in the defense of our just rights—by the expressions of doubts of the extent and the validity of our claims—by the advocacy of British pretensions, and by the dereliction of our own—by a recession from the high ground of the President, and a refusal to make a stand at any given point—by attempting to alarm the country by magnifying the power of England and by indulging in exaggerated representations of the weakness and exposed condition of our own country. These exhibitions, have, we fear, contributed largely to weaken the position which the government at the commencement of the session occupied in respect to the controversy.—They have, in our judgment, done more to endanger our just rights in Oregon, and ultimately to jeopardize the peace of the country, than all other causes put together—more than almost any other course which could have been pursued.

A speedy settlement of this controversy under existing state of things, without submitting to large and important concessions, is hardly to be anticipated. The over anxiety of distinguished men, to concede to England, what some portion of the country might be the last resort, consent to accede to for the sake of peacefully ending the controversy, will, we fear, instead of satisfying her exorbitant pretensions, only lead to their increase and further enlargement. It is not therefore at all improbable, that those gentlemen who have been so valorous in their defense of *forty-nine*, as a peace measure, may hereafter be called upon to approve an arrangement yielding important rights and privileges out of that line, or see the question for many years to come, a subject of negotiation or national conflict. These are our fears; we, however, hope for better things.

[Age.]

THE PROPOSED TARIFF

We have examined with some care, the new tariff bill, as reported by the Committee of Ways and Means of the U. S. House of Representatives. While there is much in it worthy of approval, it contains also several objectionable features.

A few of these we propose to notice as being specially injurious to the interest of Maine.

Potatoes and cord wood are placed in the schedule of articles paying a duty of twenty per centum, while iron, sugar and molasses are placed in the schedule of articles paying thirty per centum. We are at a loss to understand why the iron of Pennsylvania, and the sugar of Louisiana should enjoy a protection fifty per cent higher than the productions of the agriculture and the forests of Maine. If it is democratic to protect capital rather than labor, the thing is explainable, but not otherwise. The iron masters of Pennsylvania with their enormous wealth, and the seven hundred and odd sugar planters of Louisiana with their gangs of negro slaves, hardly seem more worthy objects of government favor, than the free laborers of Maine, who cultivate its rugged soil and fell its forests with the laborious axe.

The competition to which we are exposed, is next at hand and unmitigated by any circumstances whatever. It comes from the adjacent provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, whence freights to Boston and New York are as cheap as from any part of Maine. It is not so with sugar and iron. The domestic producer of those articles enjoy a natural protection from the extra cost of freight of foreign sugar and iron.

Why should the government give them additional advantages? We trust that our delegation in Congress, without distinction of party, will look to this matter with vigilance, and maintain the rights of their constituents with vigor and spirit.

The time has fully come, when Maine should cease to be a mere bob to the kites of politicians in other parts of the country; a mere pack-horse to carry burdens and be led with oat straw.

THE SPIRIT OF WAR ASLEEP.

An anti-Oregonator in Congress says: 'The spirit of war, thanks to God, has slumbered upon the earth for the last quarter of a century.'

It has done some bloody deeds while in the somnambulistic state. We suppose the orator does not allow the 'spirit' to be convicted of the sack of Sevi by the Turks, of the destruction of English at Cabool and as many thousands of natives, of the slaughter in Syria, in the Punjab, in Cireassia, in Egypt, in China, in New Zealand in Motzeen; nor in aiding in the annihilation of Poland, the Louis Philippe revolution in France, the perpetual civil anarchy of Spain, the strife of Don Pedro and Miguel in Portugal, and the war of the cantons in Switzerland.

When the spirit has slumbered for twenty-five years in South America awoke, how mischievous will it be! At present the peace-loving English are doing their best to pacify it, and deprive the 'Tiger Rose' of his victims.

The independence of Texas, the half dozen revolutions of Mexico, the campaign in Florida, and the Patriot outbreak in Canada, are not worth mentioning, being only achievements of the 'spirit' while oppressed with the nightmare.

[Boston Post.]

PANIC MAKERS.

When Mr. Polk issued his inaugural the whigs of Wall Street, New York, and State Street Boston, undertook the old trick of getting up a business panic. They were well seconded by the Boston Atlas, N. Y. Courier and Enquirer, Portland Advertiser, and other papers of similar political leavings.

Then, if we were to believe them, starvation stared the people in the face; the banks were to suspend the merchants to fail; the shipping to rot at the wharves; and the cows to find their richest food in the public marts of our cities. But the scheme did not work. The people snapped their fingers at the panic-makers, and every branch of business progressed with increased energy.

These same fellows are now trying the experiment again. They say the Independent Treasury Bill is going to ruin every thing. In this connection, we are glad to perceive that the New York Journal of Commerce exposes these scoundrels without mercy, though it is unfriendly to the passage of the Bill. We commend the following extract to the good sense of the business community:

PANIC. There is reason in all things; or at least there ought to be. But the course of our banks, and of many people in Wall street seems to us to have as little reason in it as possible. If we understand the case, our Banks are refusing to discount commercial paper, almost altogether, and thereby checking suddenly the facilities upon which the merchants have a right to rely, unless there is some real and substantial reason for a different course. The sudden entailing of the Banks is avowedly in reference to the Sub-Treasury Bill. We have as we think, very clearly proved that there is nothing in the Sub-Treasury, which can cause any serious pressure on the money market. No man can show how the collection and disbursement of the public revenue in specie, can produce any great commotion, not even if the present balances are removed to the Sub-Treasury. There is nothing in the worst shape of the measure, which will necessarily raise the interest of money one per cent for three months. Besides, the Sub-Treasury is not a law.

It contains a provision requiring the Secretary of the Treasury not to draw out the balances now in the banks. On the contrary, he is expressly authorized to let them remain, and pay out from the new collections of the Sub-Treasury; and there is no reason to doubt that he will do so. What foundation is there, then, for this panic, about a measure which may never be adopted, and which, if it should, would not render the removal of the deposits necessary—not probable except as required for the wants of the Government.

If the Banks, either from timorousness and ignorance, or from political motives, or for the purpose of keeping the public money, set about making a panic, as they did on the removal of the deposits from the United States Bank, the proceeding will now be understood, and return upon them in a trumpet of indignation. It is monstrous that the interests of this great community should be trifled with. In the deposit panic it was proclaimed that the mercantile would break, and the Banks would probably break. The merchants did break by hundreds, for no reason on earth but a mere alarm got up between politicians and banks. Some bank directors, we know, are taking the same course at present; and proclaiming that if the Sub-Treasury passes, the merchants will break. What can be more cruel, what more wicked, than such declarations. Bank directors will not find this the way to prevent the passage of the Sub-Treasury.

This is the right way to talk. The truth is these panics are generally "got up" in Wall street, by the "Bulls" and "Bears" of that celebrated "set of devils." If they succeed, even partially, it opens a gate to profit. It diminishes the market-value of stocks, and—they let it at an extra per cent.

[Age.]

WASHINGTON, D. C. Tuesday, April 23.

MY DEAR AGE.—The House on Tuesday appointed a committee of conference to confer with that of the Senate. They met on that evening and could not agree—the Senate asked further time to determine. They met on Wednesday, and agreed upon a modification of the resolutions of the House, made in the spirit of the amendments of the Senate. These were submitted to the Senate and concurred in by a vote of 42 to 10—were then sent to the House and agreed to by a vote of 142 to 46—on which the House adjourned.

From the nature of the vote of the Senate in appointing a committee, it was apparent that there had been management, and it is now openly declared, that the whigs combining with enough democrats to give a vote of 39 in favor of three individuals known as 49 men, have out-generalized the democrats. The western members of the House express much indignation. The leading democrats anticipate now no action on the tariff bill, though it may be discussed.

Of course nothing is known of the views of the President on this question; but the members of the Cabinet are known to have urged upon leading members of the party the Senate's view of this question—and it has been remarked too, that in the annual applications and notices for supplies there has been no increase in amount and no diminution of time desired when it would increase the amount of the bids.

Samples of articles of American manufacture are arriving in numbers, and it has been determined to close the Fair with a grand ball at which the ladies are expected to be dressed in goods of American manufacture. It is expected to be a larger exhibition than has ever been made in this country. [Age.]

ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT WESTERN. The Steamer Great Western, arrived at N. Y. on the 25th, bringing one week's later intelligence from England.

The State of feeling in respect to American affairs had undergone no change.

The London Money Market is represented as decidedly firmer.

Large failures had taken place in Liverpool; and others anticipated in various parts of the kingdom, growing out of the railway speculation.

The American provision trade continues brisk. Sir Henry Hardinge and Sir Hugh Gough, have been elevated to the peerage.

The Irish Coercion Bill had been postponed on the 11th, to the next Friday and the third reading of the Tariff bill on Monday.

The Times, which is a trusted kind of political barometer, has been for some days dealing in dark insinuations. It hints at the possibility of formidable combination in the Lords; and knowing its resources, its hints are construed as significant, particularly as it does not hesitate to accuse ministers of a want of energy required by the occasion. But, after all, these may only be the spur used by an artful rider to secure the race, which, by these means, can certainly be won.

The discussion on the coercion bill discloses not a few anomalies in the state of Ireland. Assassinations are numerous

Learning that hides its head in the cloud, is as useless as ignorance that buries its face in a mole hill.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MAY 5, 1846.

THE NOTICE.

In the Senate, on Thursday, the 23d ult., Mr. Birchen, in behalf of the Committee of Conference on the part of the Senate, made a report recommending that both houses recede from their amendments; and adopted the resolution in the following form:

With a view, therefore, that steps be taken for the abrogation of the said convention of the sixth of August, eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, in the mode prescribed in its second article, and that the attention of the governments of both countries may be more earnestly and immediately directed to the adoption of all proper measures for the speedy and amicable adjustment of the difficulties and disputes in respect to said territory:

Resolved, &c. That the President of the United States be, and he is hereby authorized, at his discretion, to give to the British government the notice required by its said second article for the abrogation of the said convention of the sixth of August, eighteen hundred and twenty-seven.

After some debate, the question was taken and the report of the committee concurred in—42 to 10.

In the House, it was announced that the Senate had concurred in the Report of the Committee of Conference. The report and joint resolution was read from the Clerk's table by Mr. Ingersoll. When he had concluded the previous question was moved and carried by storm, and the report concurred in—142 to 46.

And thus, by overwhelming majorities, the Notice has finally passed both branches of Congress, but with a qualification which renders it merely an obsequious apology to Great Britain for doing what we had by treaty a perfect right to do. Some of the members, both in the House and Senate, who desired the Notice to be given, but given in a dignified and becoming form, very properly voted against it as it finally passed. The Senate has simply rendered itself ridiculous, has complicated the question, induced England to persist in her claims, and given the appearance of division, in this question, among the American people, when none exists, by its course of action on this subject. The Notice might have been passed in one week, but months have been occupied in discussing it, and the country kept in a turmoil during the whole period.

The Independent Treasury Bill.—We might be fairly charged with indifference to the political faith we profess, if we neglected to express our satisfaction at the passage of the Independent Treasury Bill in the House of Representatives by a large vote. We felt certain, at the time when the whigs hastily and injudiciously repealed the former independent treasury bill, that its banishment from the statute book would be short. The repeal was not demanded by public opinion; there was little fault to be found with the law, and that little might have been obviated by judicious emendation. "The experiment," as its enemies delighted to call it—the experiment of dispensing with the banks as the actual treasuries of the nation, was proceeding in the most favorable manner at the moment when the whig party, in the wantonness of their victory, interrupted it and abrogated the law. That law the people now command their representatives to restore.

It is remarkable how quietly the whig party are now submitting to the revival of the Independent Treasury. They, as well as we, appear to think it a matter of course. They seem to have forgotten the standing phrases with which they used to attack it—such as calling it a pernicious "union of purse and sword"—as if, in their creed, the province of the government was only to direct means of defence, while it was the province of the bank to keep the money collected for the wants of government, and speculate with it on their own account. The opposition to the law may in fact be considered as withdrawn. A sulky vote in the negative, and a little grumbling in the newspapers, are all that is left of that hostility which was so furiously noisy four or five years since.

Thus it is that one of the great measures of Mr. Van Buren's administration, the measure which, perhaps, more justly than any other, might be selected to exemplify the policy of his administration, has received the solemn verdict of the public approbation. The people have looked at it on both sides, viewed it both theoretically and experimentally, examined it as an assay master would a piece of gold, and at last have deliberately put their stamp on it. It is undoubtedly sound, and will pass without question for the next hundred years. That was a good phrase of Mr. Van Buren's coinage, "the sober, second thought of the people"; a phrase full of truth as it was of generous confidence in his fellow men. He now sees that sober second thought applied to his own measures, and enjoys a triumph of higher value than a re-election to the Presidency.

We speak as if the bill had already passed the Senate. As the opinions of most of the members are in its favor, as the whole nation expect it, and the majority of the nation has willed it, we look upon its passage by a large vote in that body as certain. Even if it were to happen otherwise, the prompt passage of the bill by so decisive a majority in the House of Representatives, a body reflecting the latest and truest aspect of public opinion, is a great triumph of the measure.—N. Y. Post.

A Fortune.—The friends of Hon. Daniel Webster have placed him in very comfortable pecuniary circumstances. They have raised a fund of \$100,000, the interest of which, \$6,000 per annum, he is to receive during life, and at his death the principal to go to his heirs. This is common report, which seems to be fully confirmed by an admission lately made in the House by Mr. Winthrop, the Representative to Congress from Boston. Mr. Webster is unlike other public men—whatever his friends have offered to him he has always received—the contributions for his benefit have been frequent and large, and he has taken them without interposing any objection. It does not consider it any compromise of his Senatorial character,

any blemish on his public or private reputation, but appears to regard it as a mere matter of business—a compensation for services rendered. Other men would be regarded as marketable, or under pay of their clients if they had pursued the same course, and written down from one end of the Union to the other as totally unworthy of respect or confidence. But he is—Daniel Webster.—Bangor Democrat.

If We Would.—We would respectfully call the attention of those who wish for a perfect likeness, in a miniature form, to the advertisement of Mr. J. U. P. Burnham, to be found in another column of to-day's paper. He is a finished operator, and those who wish to present their friends with a token of remembrance or affection, or to preserve a duplicate of themselves as they are—as they appear to be,—are advised to avail themselves of the Perfect Likeness.

Up Sisters.—Sisters will bear in mind that they are considered under no obligation to pay for Pictures unless satisfied with their execution.

GOLD & GILT LOCKETS.—For sale on the most reasonable terms.

Ladies and Gentlemen are respectfully invited to call and examine specimens.

Instruction given in the Daguerreotype Art on the most reasonable terms.

Paris-Hill, May 2d, 1846.

DAGUERREOTYPE MINIATURES.

J. U. P. BURNHAM

INFORMS the Ladies and Gentleman of Paris and vicinity that he has taken rooms for a few days at the STAGE HOUSE, where he is prepared to take Daguerreotype Miniatures in the latest improved style PLATE or colour, and finished so as to prevent the possibility of fading.

Having had sufficient experience to warrant satisfaction to the most fastidious, he respectfully solicits the patronage of those who wish to avail themselves of a PERFECT LIKENESS.

Up Sisters.—Sisters will bear in mind that they are considered under no obligation to pay for Pictures unless satisfied with their execution.

GOLD & GILT LOCKETS.—For sale on the most reasonable terms.

Ladies and Gentlemen are respectfully invited to call and examine specimens.

Instruction given in the Daguerreotype Art on the most reasonable terms.

Paris-Hill, May 2d, 1846.

BOOK STORE.

—oooo—

THE subscriber keeps constantly for sale a large and general assortment of Books and Stationery, among which are all the Schoo Books in common use for Schools and Academies, such as Grammars, Arithmetic, Algebra, History, Geography, Astronomy, Philosophy, Chemistry, &c., &c.

At a prime assortment of MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,

from which Public, Social, Sunday School, and Private Libraries can be supplied on reasonable terms, and of a character to suit the various tastes and wishes of the reading community generally.

Large Quarto, Duodecimo, and Pocket Bibles; Testaments, Hymns, Books; paper, ink, quills, steel pens, wafer, paper-folders, sand-boxes, seals, &c.

A good variety of BLANKS,

such as Warrants, Quitclaim, Mortgage, Administrator's, Collector's and Guardian's Deeds. Sheriff's Receipts, Sheriff's Returns, Executions, Writs, and many others that are in common use.

—ALSO—

PAPER HANGINGS.

of different figures, qualities and prices to suit customers.

Glass Ware, Maps of the State of Maine, and many other articles, too numerous to particularize in a short advertisement. For further particulars, Ladies and Gentlemen, please call and examine for yourselves, or enquire of

BENJ. WALTON,

Paris-Hill, May 5th, 1846.

P. S. The subscriber hereby tenders his sincere thanks to his friends and customers and the public generally for a generous share of patronage, and humbly solicits a continuation of such favors, except a very few individuals, whose aim it is to run in debt and never pay—where cases are respectfully invited to call some where else.

B. W.

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS ELISHA REYNOLDS, of Canton, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, by Deed of Mortgage dated the thirtieth day of October, A. D. 1840, recorded with Oxford Records, Book 71, page 404, conveyed to the undersigned a certain piece of land situated in Canton, above the mouth of the Androscoggin River,—it being the Ninth half of Brookside Lot number fourteen—referring to said Deed for further description. And whereas, the conditions of said Deed of Mortgage have been broken the undersigned hereby gives public notice to foreclose the same, according to the Statute in such cases made and provided.

NATHAN P. REYNOLDS.

Canton, April 20th, 1846.

srw352

Treasurer's Notice.—Woodstock.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of land in the town of Woodstock, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the taxes assessed on the non-resident land is said town for the year 1841, and delinquent highway taxes for 1842, all of which taxes unpaid unpaid have been assessed to me by Bartholomew Cushman, Collector of said town for the year 1842, for the purpose of advertising, and the number of the Lots with the taxes unpaid are as follows, viz.—

No.	Lot.	No.	Acres	Value
Unknown,	95	100	6	7
do	42	100	30	34
do	72	100	17	13
do	73	100	25	29
Undivided half	12	50	33	32
One Fourth	13	25	15	17

Delinquent highway taxes for the year 1843, and now become money tax by non-payment in 1844.

Unknown,

do

ALDEN CHASE, Treasurer of Woodstock.

Woodstock, May 2, 1846.

3w52*

FREEDOM.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given that by mutual agreement between me, Benjamin Hall, of Andover, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, my son, minor, I do thereby give and relinquish him his time, and shall claim none of his property nor wages, nor pay any debts of his contracting from and after this date.

BENJAMIN HALL.

Andover, April 29th, 1846.

3w52

JOHN A. POOR,

COUNSELLOR AND ATTORNEY AT LAW,

PORLTAND, MAINE.

He will attend the Courts in the Eastern Counties, in connection with the firm of J. A. & H. V. POOR, and in Oxford County.

Office No. 122, Middle Street.

HENRY V. POOR,

COUNSELLOR & ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BANGOR, MAINE.

Will continue business at the Office of

J. A. & H. V. POOR,

No. 6, Strickland's new Block.

April 18, 1846.

3m51

CAUTION.

THE public are hereby cautioned against purchasing a note of hand given by the subscriber dated No. 1, First Range, about the 6th day of Dec., A. D. 1841, for the sum of fifteen dollars, to be paid in April, then next, and running to John H. Durkee, as he has received no consideration therefor and will not pay the same.

LORENZO LENNELL.

No. 5, First Range, April 24, 1846.

3w51

Notice—Freedom.

I hereby certify to the public that from this date I relinquish to my son, MISTER N. LUTKIN, his time to act and trade for himself; and that I shall claim none of his earnings nor pay any of his debts.

JOSEPH LUPKIN.

Witness—AARON H. LUTKIN.

Rumford, April 13th, 1846.

3w51

ORTHOMA.

In Dixfield, Bashaba, widow of the late Captain Levi Mortin, formerly of Readfield, aged 80.

In Cornish, Cotton Lincoln, Esq., aged 20.

In Gorham, Elias Blake, aged 80.

In Buxton, Richard Dresser, a revolutionary soldier, aged 88.

NOTICE—Freedom.

I hereby certify to the public that from this date I

relinquish to my son, MISTER N. LUTKIN, his time to

act and trade for himself; and that I shall claim none

of his earnings nor pay any of his debts.

JOSEPH LUPKIN.

Witness—AARON H. LUTKIN.

Rumford, April 13th, 1846.

3w51

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss.—April 23d, 1846.

TAKEN on Execution, the same having been attested on the original Writ, and will be sold at

PUBLIC AUCTION,

to the highest bidder, on Saturday, the thirtieth day of May, A. D. 1846, at one o'clock P. M., at the house of Erik Randall in Dixfield, unless redeemed prior.

All the right, title and interest the said Randall has in and to the house and land where he now lives, the same having been mortgaged by Peter Austin to Job Hathaway, and said Austin's right to redeem sold to Augustus S. G. Strickland, and said Strickland's right transferred to the said Randall, and said Randall's right to redeem is the title and interest intended to be sold.

Reference to the Records of the County of Oxford for a further description.

JOHN M. EUSTIS, Deputy Sheriff.

50 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six.

John Leavitt, Administrator, with the Will annexed, of the estate of Israel Paul, late of Livermore, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased,

